

A Man of High Degree.

[Original.]
Arthur Leighton at school constantly led his classes. His father was poor, and Arthur's prospects for getting more than a school education were not encouraging when an aunt died and left him an annuity of \$2,000 so long as he remained a student in a university which she designated.

Arthur was eighteen and a half when he entered college. He passed a splendid examination and was picked out for head of his class. His friend Edwin Tyler, entered the same year, managed to scrape through the entrance examination and was picked out for the foot of the class. At the high school from which the two young men went to college was Beatrice Ford, a young lady of sixteen, to whom both were devoted. The brilliant Leighton, however, was far in the lead, and there was an understanding between him and Beatrice that when he was graduated they should be engaged.

During the first year Arthur Leighton took most of the prizes offered, while Ned Tyler barely maintained a small fraction over a rating which would throw him out of college. Tyler was somewhat prominent in athletics, but he was especially interested in class politics. Not being sufficiently scholarly to warrant his appropriating any of the "appointments" to himself, he distributed them among those supposed to be fitted for them. Indeed, he was what might be called the class "boss." But in the middle of the second year even this ignominious distinction was denied him, for he was caught one night holding a calf into the belfry and expelled.

Leighton was graduated at the head of his class. He had spent every vacation with Beatrice Ford, had corresponded with her and on his graduation they became formally engaged. Arthur was very much puzzled in the choice of a career. He was so versatile, he seemed fitted for so many different fields, that he was drawn in as many different directions. When the summer had passed he had not decided. If by the first of October following he did not return to college he would find himself without an income. He concluded to enter for a postgraduate course, during which he would make up his mind as to his future course. Had there been a law school at his alma mater he would have become a lawyer, for he could have studied the profession there, receiving the annuity. But there was no law school at the university, and by the terms of the will he must study there, and there only.

Meanwhile Ned Tyler continued his downward course—so some of his friends expressed it—by hunting up scraps of news and selling them to newspapers. There seemed only one occupation lower than this, and he fell into that too. He became a political ward manager. He had the while been steadfast in his love for Beatrice Ford, though she was preoccupied with his rival. One day after an election she saw his name in the list of successful candidates for the legislature. "How fortunate," she said, "that I chose Arthur! I always feared that Ned would go down hill."

At the end of another year Leighton found himself in a position to lose the benefit of his course of study unless he finished it, which would take another year. Besides, the moment he ceased to be a student at the university his income would cease. He consulted with Beatrice, who declined to advise him. He continued the course, and when the second year was finished, being still in the same position, took a third year.

Beatrice did not lack decision, and when Arthur entered for the third year his postgraduate course she broke the engagement. This nearly broke his heart as well, but he was getting too old to study a profession, had no taste for business, and his only way of making a living seemed to be by remaining a student. The consequence was that when the seventh year of his studies expired he entered for the degree of bachelor of philosophy, which required an additional five years' course.

Meanwhile Edwin Tyler, being obliged to get up on his feet occasionally and talk to his fellow legislators, gradually attained the reputation of saying more to the point in fewer words than any of them. He was nominated for lieutenant governor and elected. The governor died, and Tyler became governor. While he occupied the latter office, hearing that his old sweetheart was disengaged, he proposed again.

Beatrice had seen one of her lovers begin high and remain on the same level, which means to sink. Another began low and climbed steadily upward. She objected to being the wife of a perpetual college boy, but was not averse to being the wife of a governor. She had waited seven years for the college boy and was now old enough to banish some of the sentiment of early maidenhood and appreciate real success. So she decided to take the man who she once considered was "going down hill" and now before the marriage had taken place the governor has his pipe laid for his election to the United States senate.

Arthur Leighton is coming to the end of his fifth year as a student for the degree of bachelor of philosophy, his twelfth at college, and like Alexander, who wept because there were no more nations for him to conquer, is troubled because there are no more degrees for him to study for. He is getting gray about the temples and has bent over books so long that he stoops like an old man. The undergraduates maintain that he has been there ever since the institution was founded, two or three centuries ago.

A Cruel Thought.

He—if you refuse me I shall go out and hang myself to the lamp-post in front of your house.
She—Now, George, you know father said he wouldn't have you hanging around here.—New York Life.

LUMBAGO SCIATICA PLEURISY

As Well as Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Stiff Limbs, Muscles, Joints, Sore Hands or Feet are Speedily

RELIEVED BY
MINARD'S LINIMENT
"KING OF PAIN"

So pure and antiseptic, so powerful, penetrating, and soothing as to have justly earned its title, King of Pain, as well as its most effective, economical, and clean-use external remedy.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

In the American April Magazine (Episcopal) Bishop Williams of Michigan writes an entertaining article on "The Bible, Have We Lost It?" He discusses the Bible our grandfathers and grandmothers used to cherish, that is the Bible that was believed to be the truth in which you could find a text to prove anything. Then he goes on to show how first suspected that there were errors in the Bible, and how the mistakes crept in. He tells what the church has thought about it. Of course his conclusion is that although the Bible has been demonstrated to be largely the work of human hands, and therefore stained in spots by human passions and weaknesses, it is today a more valuable Bible than ever. Here is a part of his eloquent conclusion:

"Have we really lost anything in arriving at this new view of the Bible? Yes, we have lost our divining rod, our Delphic oracle, our arsenal of irrefragable proof-texts, but we have gained incalculably, we have gained a book that is infinitely richer for edification. A word of God, infallible and inerrant, shrouded down from the heavens every morning through the trumpet of an archangel would have no meaning to us. It would find no point of contact with our human nature. It could not touch our hearts. But a word of God coming to us through the living human experience of men of like passions with tested and proved by life, humanized by our common humanity, even though it must needs be strained here and there with human passions and even made fallible by human ignorance and infirmity—such a word of God is quick and living. It finds its home in our hearts, it fits our nature, it sanctifies our souls. In this new view of the Bible not a spiritual truth has been lost, not a comfort or consolation. And many an intolerable burden has been lifted off the devout who has been cleared from the path of an earnest faith."

"Read your whole Bible thus in the light of the new knowledge, in the light of an honest, fearless, searching and yet reverent criticism, and you will find it a far richer, more inspired and more inspiring Bible than the one you have lost."

Dope Fiend Cured by Hypnotism.

Professor Munsterberg takes a fling at Lombroso's theories in the April McClure's and holds organized society responsible for the criminal trend of those born with "poorly working" minds. Professor Munsterberg tells of a hospital patient to whom opiates were administered without energy and without hope. For weeks I have been fighting his passion with persistent suggestive treatment; the dose he needs has been reduced to a hundredth part of what it was, and his old strength and enjoyment of life have slowly come back; he will be cured soon. But every day when I put my full energy to the task, I think of the cruelty with which society has treated him. He was not born a "dope fiend"; he did not choose the poison. Organized society injected it into his system—a small dose only, but enough to make the craving for it irresistible; and when this craving had grown to ruinous proportions, society was ready to despise and to condemn him. Even at best, it could only make heroic efforts to overcome the gigantic passion which it had recklessly created.

"To me this case of diseased passion is a symbol of all the crimes that this country of the globe. No man is born a criminal; but society gives him, without his will, the ruinous injection of course, a small dose only, a shot of an eighth of a grain—and despises him if the injected insect grows and grows; and when it has destroyed the whole man, that society goes hypocritically to work with police and court and punishment. Nearly always it is too late; the prevention of that first reckless injection would have been better than all the labor of the penitentiaries."

"They are less fit than others, but their ending within prison walls is only one of the many dangers which life has in store for them; the same unit applies a position or to have friends or to protect themselves against disease. In short, it is not criminals that are 'born,' but men with poorly working minds."

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C. MACON BRADSTREET.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.
A Certain Relief for Feverishness, Irritability, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomach Troubles, Diarrhea, Colic, Wind, and all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is the most effective and pleasant remedy for all the above ailments. It is sold in all drug stores. A. S. OLESTED, LA ROY, N. Y.

300,000 PEOPLE CHEER FLEET

Coast Lined For Miles South of Los Angeles

FOUR SHIPS DROP ANCHOR

In San Pedro Harbor—Other Lie Outside and Will Scatter—Festival Town Outdoing Itself—Decorations and Entertainments.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 20.—Los Angeles sent more than 100,000 of its residents to the ocean side Saturday to welcome the American battleship fleet, which steamed into San Pedro harbor, 22 miles away, in the full radiance of a mid-summer sun, and dropped anchor at 3:30 p. m.

The 16 fighting vessels and three auxiliaries, leaving San Diego shortly after 6 o'clock Saturday morning, had steamed up the 100 miles of surf-beaten coast in single column formation, 400 yards apart and in full view of thousands of persons who gathered at every vantage point.

With the Connecticut leading, and with Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas on the bridge, the long line of ships pointed within the breakwater of San Pedro Bay just half an hour behind their schedule time of arrival.

The arrival of the fleet was a marine picture unrivaled in beauty. The thousands of people, who made the occasion of the arrival a holiday, fairly went wild in their enthusiasm as the fleet steamed into its assigned position.

Saturday night the fleet was illuminated. The stay of the fleet at the ports of Los Angeles during the next week is to be marked by the most elaborate program of entertainment, both for the enlisted men and officers, the city has ever given.

Sunday morning the fleet split up into squadrons in order that four of the Los Angeles ports may share in the honor of entertaining the greatest naval force the waters of the coast ever saw.

The Rejected Playmate.

[Certain members of the Sociological society think that a child of 5 would be better employed in developing its creative faculties with dolls or bricks than in playing with dolls or clock-work toys.]

Come, Lucy, let me take that doll away; You seem to have forgotten you are five, And little children of the present day Should at your age be very much alive.

If you have ever studied Sociology You know that senseless dunnies needs apology.

Creates my child! A box of wooden bricks Might occupy your leisure for a while Nor is it necessary that you fix On an established architectural style.

For though Byzantine blend with Perpendicular, Believe me, I shall not be too particular.

And you, dear Charles, whose years are rather more, I have experienced surprise and pain To find you frankly grolverling on the floor.

Engaged in winding up a clockwork train! Come, take this paint box and with due humility Develop your pictorial ability.

Want, tears, my children? Ere it be too late Control your passions with a rigid hand. It is unwise to overestimate The lacrymal or tear-producing gland.

Oh, stop that noise and take your toys away with you! But don't ask me again to come and play with you.

—London Daily Globe.

Knaves and Fools.
We are willing to be knaves in order to acquire wealth and fools in order that it may not bore us.—Life.

Golfalderdash.
"Twas Sandrewns" and the bockered oaves! Did slaps and bunk as they oftred. All grinsy were the caddicoves And the plus fours outdied!"

Beware the Potterhuth, my son, The laws that effe the laws that catch; Beware the Gollerback, and shun The shemixed Foursomatch.

He took his bulger club in hand, Longtime the glumsome foe he fought; So resteth he by the sixteenth tee, And stood awhile in thought.

And as in golfish thought he stood, The Potterhuth, with cheeks aflame, Came slicing; and, in language crude, Dumdashterisked his game.

One up! One up! Though in a cup— The maddie blade went flicker-flick— He held it out, and with a shout, He came two-upping back.

And hast thou flogged the Potterhuth? Come to the bar, my burish boy! Oh, pargoy day! Ho! ho! Ho! Hucray! He hiccoughed in his joy!

Twas Sandrewns, and the bockered oaves Did slaps and bunk as they oftred. All grinsy were the caddicoves And the plus fours outdied.

Notes.—The English pronunciation of St. Andrews (Condensed plural of "knickerbockered" and "slaps" apparently a portmanteau-word combining "swipe" and "slap.") "Swore at large."—Glasgow Herald.

WOMAN'S WORLD MISS MARY GARDEN.

Practical Hints From the Career of an American Singer.

Miss Mary Garden, who has just closed a wonderfully successful engagement in grand opera in New York, has this to say about the American girl in Paris who is ambitious of becoming an artist: "There is so much room for American girls in Paris, with their beautiful voices and other beauties. Paris likes nothing better than an American singer, with just the piquant trace of an accent and a piquancy of manner which they cannot find even in their own women."

"But they must be practical. Let the girl who goes to Paris to make a career in the opera for herself have 1,000 francs in her purse when she steps aboard the steamer and let her



MISS MARY GARDEN.

be certain that every month for two years she will have a similar amount. It will be money well invested if she has it in her to succeed, for it will all come back and more with it.

"She will find this sum little enough. She must live at a good pension, not alone, because she should have the good opinion of others and be able to have persons worth while associate with her, but because she should be relieved of the drain upon her spirits that comes from poor surroundings and poor food. She will need all the spirit she can muster for her study. The same reasoning applies when I say that she must have good and sufficient clothing. She must be able to ride in a cab if it is a bad day, for often a girl will lose valuable time because of exposure. She must have good medical and other attention when necessary."

"Decidedly she must be in position to get good instructors in singing and coaching for the opera. She must be prepared to pay well for those who are good and be in a position to take herself away from any one who does not satisfy her. Two years is the least time she may expect to spend in this matter of preparation if she is really to be a good artist. It would be far better to spend three or four years, for then she could rectify all errors that might have been made and get a broader experience. I spent three years in preparation before I went before the Paris public."

"More than the money, however, she will need practical common sense. She must be prepared to sit in calm judgment on herself and her capabilities and progress and upon the many persons who will endeavor to deceive her and get her money. Ah, but there is a love for the American money!" And Miss Garden was entirely French for a moment as she raised her hands, palms up, and shrugged her shoulders. "The American girl need not fear that she will meet with a cold reception. They will be waiting for her at the dock when she lands from the steamship, these people who want the money."

Embroidered Handkerchiefs.
A dirty bit of embroidery easily taken to the reading class is one of the small scalloped handkerchiefs now so popular.

These are made of the sheerest handkerchief linen about ten inches square, or if you want to cut economically three-quarters of a yard of yard wide linen can be cut into a dozen handkerchiefs, nine inches square, which when finished with the scallops will be slightly smaller.

Draw the tiniest of scallops on the edge. Halfway around a spool of No. 200 cotton will be a good model.

Pad slightly with fine darning cotton and scallop with a No. 40 or 45 mercerized white cotton. Make the work as exquisite as possible.

The initials may be square, block letters about an eighth of an inch high, or the Japanese letters are extremely effective.

If preferred, this scalloping may be done in color, with the lettering in match, but the scallop must be kept very delicate and shallow to look well.

Crocheted buttons are used extensively on the finest lingerie dresses and even on those heavily trimmed with Irish lace.



6-5-4 is so this that it cannot fit the mesh. 6-5-4 has chemical properties that dissolve rust as water dissolves salt. For sale by Reynolds & Son, A. D. Phelps & Co., C. W. Averill & Co. and K. A. Prindle.

MACHINE CAN'T CONTROL IT

The Currency Situation Is Unsettled

WILLIAMS AND CANNON

Bad Blood Occasioned Between Them May Cause Serious Trouble—Murphy for Darling's Place—Lively Debate on Diplomatic Bill.

Washington, April 20.—Practical admission was made Saturday that the leaders of the House machine cannot control the situation in regard to currency legislation. It was announced that the party conference, of which so much had been said, would be indefinitely postponed and would not be held this week. The ostensible reason for this change of plan is that it would be unwise to hold the conference and go through the turmoil of forcing the party into line on the currency question only to have the consideration of the sundry civil appropriation bill intervene before the action of the conference could be put into actual effect in the House. This is a more or less plausible explanation on its face, but not much stock seems to be taken in it. The sentimental effect of the postponement, whatever its cause, is bound to tell heavily against the machine leaders.

The banking and currency committee of the House met Saturday morning, but did not consider the Vreeland bill, owing to Mr. Vreeland's absence. If he is still unable to appear to-day, the committee will go ahead with its consideration of the bill for the appointment of a currency commission. At its meeting Saturday morning the committee took unfavorable action on the bill of Representative Lovering of Massachusetts for the creation of the Sovereign Trust company of America.

Representative Hill of Connecticut in his vigorous speech of Saturday on the currency, was unable to take up the Vreeland bill because of the brief time allotted to him. But, applying the line of his reasoning to that measure, it is entirely safe to assume that he will be even more opposed to it than to the Aldrich bill, and will make sadder havoc of it if he has a chance to speak upon it either in the open House or in a Republican caucus or conference. Mr. Hill's position has an important bearing upon the outlook, for he is by this time recognized as the most convincing speaker in the House in regard to currency matters, and it is unlikely that the machine leaders can put anyone against him who would make any sort of a showing. Even Representative Burton, who in general is admitted as the ablest man in the House, was unable to make much of a stand against Congressman Fowler of New Jersey, when the latter explained his currency bill.

Now that the practical possibility of passing the Fowler bill has gone, if any such possibility ever existed, Mr. Hill and Mr. Fowler are in substantial accord. In addition to being the two best-posted men in the House on currency matters, they are physically aggressive and successful debaters, who individual would dominate any currency debate in which they became involved, and who in combination present a barrier which the machine will certainly find it difficult, if not impossible, either to overcome or circumvent. Some years ago Mr. Fowler was a poor speaker on his feet, and on one occasion before he began a speech went to Congressman Lawrence of Massachusetts, who happened to occupy the chair, and asked to be "protected" from interruptions and questions. Nowadays it is Mr. Fowler's questioners who need all the "protection."

The diplomatic appropriation bill was again under consideration in the House Saturday. The chief incident of the discussion upon it was a speech by Congressman Harrison of New York, criticizing some of our individual diplomatic representatives abroad and the general policy of selecting weakly men. Referring to the first secretary at London, whom he took as typical, Mr. Harrison remarked: "While a very amiable gentleman, he reminds one irresistibly of the white rabbit in 'Alice in Wonderland,' and as he scuttles through the London drawing rooms, one can almost picture him saying 'Oh, the Duchess! the Duchess! oh, my lurs and whiskers! I shall be late.'"

The diplomatic bill was finally passed, but immediately afterward there was a clash between John Sharp Williams and Speaker Cannon, which left both blood and may cause serious trouble. According to Williams, who never gets ill-tempered over the ordinary man-handling by the majority, the speaker "invaded" the constitutional rights of the minority by declaring adjournment or "recess" without permitting the lawful motion for the yeas and nays. Later, Speaker Cannon, who has always been great friends with Williams, went down the aisle and endeavored to shake hands, but Williams indignantly declares that never in the days of "Czar" Reed was such an abuse committed.

The nomination of Guy Murchie of Boston as United States marshal, which was sent to the Senate Saturday, is a purely personal one, in which President Roosevelt asked Senator Crane and Senator Lodge to acquiesce on that understanding. Murchie, who was a rough rider and Harvard man, was not suggested by either senator, but the president wished to appoint him out of personal friendship.

Miss Stated.
To kiss, alas, and then to part Brings sadness to the living heart. Long years perhaps may intervene, And tempests drop dark folds between, While times of darkness pass thy art.

At such farewells salt tears will start, And naught allays the bitter smart. We do not know what it may mean—To kiss, alas!

A maiden said, "You have this court Rejoice the hour," in tones quite tart. Rejoicing she was sweet sixteen, And meant events came unforeseen, I went at touch of Cupid's dart To kiss a lass.—Brooklyn Life.

Good Bread-We Said-

You never ate any so genuinely good—

As that made from "DULUTH IMPERIAL"—

The flour from which any woman can make the crisp, sweet, nutritious, delicious loaf—

The kind that "husband and the children" like.

In making, or in baking—

No "mistakes" in—

"Duluth Imperial" FLOUR

The Spoon is FREE

We want you to try one package—

You'll buy more, when it's gone.

That's why we give you this really delightful present—

This handsome spoon—

Pure, heavy silver-plated—

wears for years—

Made by a firm whose name

insures quality and work-

manship.

It's in every package.

Any Grocer—All Grocers

THE PERSONALITY OF JOHNSON.

An Analysis of The Physical Features of Minnesota's Governor.

He is just as tall as he has been pointed out and has just the same slight stoop, but he is lankier and looks more the student and less the man of affairs. He is quietly attired in dark gray, his coat is wearing shiny; he evidently thinks little of dress, and you have a vague impression that if he were not carefully superintended by a good wife he might be negligent about his appearance. A man of much nervous force, he moves about restlessly while he talks. You must observe him from all angles to have him in correct perspective; for instance, only a side view reveals the best things of his ruddy, wholesome face.

He is clean shaven and lean about the strong jaw, his dark-brown hair is growing a little thin, and at times is much rumpled by an eloquent and restless hand; he has a good head, not quite full enough in some places, a rather sensitive mouth, but firm enough, a long nose (a good feature), an expression perfectly frank and good humored. The eyes are very fine, clear, and steady, blue, but too dark, to my thinking—for it is the light-eyed men that tear up the old things and start the new; out of them looks the man with a certain level, composed, and candid way that is most taking. He has good hands, good teeth, a really wonderful voice for smoothness, tone, and quality, and a manner that ought to make him popular in any democracy, it is so absolutely without pose, without affectation, without arrogance, and without deference.—Charles Edward Russell in the April Everybody's.

Mrs. Eddy Permits Morphia.
"Life of Pleasant View and War in Heaven" is the title of the latest installment of "The History of Christian Science" in the April McClure's. Mrs. Eddy displayed great ingenuity in stimulating the demand for her books, says Miss Mims.

Mrs. Eddy's retirement did, as she had anticipated, give her more time for literary pursuits. She was still busily writing and editing "Science and Health" as she had been doing for twenty years. New editions of the book came out in 1891, 1894, and 1896. Loyal Scientists were then, as now, expected to purchase each new edition (at \$3.18 a volume), although Mrs. Eddy refused to buy back their old editions at any price. Since her followers live by one book, it behooved them to have the best edition of it, and Mrs. Eddy always pronounced the new one the best. Often a new edition contained important changes (such as permission to use morphia in cases of violent pain), and after the 1891 edition was out, a Christian Scientist who still regulated his life by the 1886 edition was living spiritually in the Dark Ages. As Foster Eddy wrote concerning the 1891 edition:

"Mother has never had time, until the last two years, to take the numerous gems she has found in the deep mines of truth and polish them on Heaven's emery wheel, arrange them in order, and give them a setting so that all could behold and see their perfect purity. Now here they all are in this new revised 'Science and Health.'"

"By the time the 1891 edition was exhausted, about one hundred and fifty thousand copies of 'Science and Health' had been sold since the book was first published in 1875. This did not mean that one hundred and fifty thousand persons owned copies of the book, there are not half that many Christian Scientists in the world today, but that every Christian Scientist owned several copies. The Journal told them that they could not own too many."

This chapter of the history also deals with the great schism in the Church and the downfall of what the writer calls "The Romantic Movement in Christian Science."

Dieting on Credit.
Doctor—From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day.
Wife—Yes, doctor, just one glass a day.

Doctor (a week later)—Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take?

Wife—Most decidedly, doctor—only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance.—TH. Bils.

All Alone.
"I see you have a spear of grass," remarked the sarcastic citizen.
"Yes," responded the man who was trying to raise a lawn, "but it seems to be one of those spears that knows no brother."—Washington Herald.

In Leap Year.
Gracie—I said something to Jack yesterday which he said made him the happiest man on earth.
Daisy—And so he accepted you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The April Fool.
The April fool now looms in range. You'll find him here and there—The fool who's led too soon to change His winter underwear.—Philadelphia Press.

In the Greenroom.
"One star different from another star in glory," he quoted poetically.
"Of course," she assented, "but look at the bum methods of some press agents!"

JINGLES AND JESTS

Not That Kind.

A young woman in Philadelphia but recently married was enjoying the delightful novelty of marketing one morning shortly after the termination of the honeymoon.

"I wish to get some butter, please," said she to the dealer.
"Roll butter, mum?" asked the man.
"No," promptly replied his customer. "We wish to eat it on toast. My husband doesn't care for rolls."—Harper's Weekly.

In Georgia.
"Hitch up the old mare, John, and put the demijohn in the wagon."
"Old mare's dead, paw."
"Well, I'll walk the forty miles to the state line."
"The bridge is down. You'll hafta swim the river."
"Oh, well, rum ain't got no hold on me. I can take it or leave it alone."—Washington Herald.

Wise Rose.
"Will you be my husband?"
Inquired little Rose.
"Cause sister says in leap year 'Us girls can propose.'"

"Gee whal! I'm only ten years old," Retorted little Vance.
"I know, but I am leaving My order in advance."—New York Sun.

These Girls.
Pearl—Isn't it bitter cold, dear?
Ruby—Terrible. My lips are almost frozen.
Pearl—And where are you going?
Ruby—Oh, I am going down to get an ice cream soda. Come on and go.—Chicago News.

Agony.
First Bridge Player—What made Mrs. De Pitt act so strangely during that last hand?
Second Bridge Player—She had the ace up her sleeve and couldn't get it out.—Judge.

Ordnals.
Waiting for a lunch or breakfast In a trial hard to bear; Waiting for a car or carriage Makes the victim sometimes swear;

Waiting for a friend or loved one Makes life a mournful wreck. But there's nothing racks the system Quite like waiting for a check.—Chicago Record.

Means and Ends.
"Talking about Easter finery, my wife told me she had a big bill on hand."
"What did you do?"
"I had to foot it."—Baltimore American.

On the Ocean Liner.
She heard the fog horn blowing. "And what is that?" quoth she. The sailor merrily Replied, "It's just the dog watch, ma'am. Whose bark is on the sea."—Catholic Standard and Times.

And Fudge.
Dick—I thought myself witty, but those